

THE
True Scots Genius,
REVIVING
A
POEM

*Written upon occasion of the RESOLVE
past in PARLIAMENT, the 17th of
July 1704.*

Prestat Sero quam Nunquam

Printed in the Year 1704.

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THE

True Scots Gentry

REVIVING

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THE True Scots Genius.

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A POEM.

ROUS'D from a Lethargy of hundred Years;
At last her Martial Head Old Scotia Rears;
Awakn'd with Resentments she hath born
Too long of *English* Chains and *English* Scorn;
Impatient to get Free, she now Regains;
A gen'rous Heat, thro' all her frozen Veins;
Nobly resolv'd to break the servile Chain,
She Champs and Tuggs for LIBERTY again.

Under the crushing weight, tho' not the Name,
Of Bondage, *Scotland* groaning did remain,
This hundred Years, with a declining Fame:
Bereav'd of Power, of Riches, and of Trade,
Still slavishly to *England's* Int'rest ty'd
Which, in return still, with a Mortal Feud
Did all Her brave and wise Designs Elude
While she in spight of multiply'd Harms
For them 'gainst Neighb'ring Princes carry'd Arms
Mistaken Charity! And always Lenc
Auxiliaries their Dangers to prevent

Who, at the honest exit of their Wars,
 Still Reap'd the Benefit, and She the Scars.
 Whil'st most ungrateful they did smile to see,
 Her lavish of Her Blood and Liberty,
 Witnesses Ye *Handman* Fields so often Dy'd
 With *Scotish* Crimson streams and purple Tide.

The *Scotish* Body, which, from Pole to Pole,
 Did, once, make known the Active *Scotish* Soul;
 By a long tract of Injuries Opprest
 Failing in all Attempts to be Redress'd;
 Long sick'ning, by degrees at length became
 Unfit to lodge the *Scotish* Soul and Flame.

The Soul, the mighty Genius, with regret,
 Seem'd to give way and yeild t' approaching Fate,
 And moving so few Members of the Nation
 Seem'd landed in a State of Separation;
 As fainting People sometimes have been layd
 In Coffins and in Graves, reputed Dead.
 Th' insulting Enemy beheld with Joy
 What they so long had labour'd to Destroy,
 T' have breath'd its last: thought all did now remain
 Was to Affront and Rob the Carcase slain;
 To Rob it, now unable to Resist,
 Of every Jewel every Ornament,
 And as the Brutal Sexton who designs
 Inhumanly to Rob the Inter'd, but finds
 The Jewel can't be parted from the Joint
 But by the sharpen'd steels dividing Point,
 By barbrous gashes doth awake the Sense
 And calls the Soul to Action from Suspence:
 So while our Nation's Independent Crown
 They wou'd remove and lay 't below their own,
 It proves to closely fix'd to *Scotland's* Head
Scotland's, tho' now prestum'd upon as Dead;

Thae

That it with deepest gashes to the Bone
Must barb'rously be cut, or th' other let alone
They're clear to venture on th' effectual way
Will Tare and Gash to carry off the Prey.
Imperious Addresses of their Lords,
And Bullying Senator's Reproachful Words,
Their false Envenom'd Pens like whetted Swords
Are all Employ'd; But to another End,
Heaven turn'd the Effect then what they did Intend;
Their oft repeated strokes bestow'd to last,
To Feeling brought th'entranced Soul at last.

How mortify'd the *English* were to find,
They had been so mistaken and so blind,
As to believe, by too implicit Faith,
A meer *Deliquium* a real Death;
The Soul recover'd felt and groan'd aloud;
The piercing Echo reach'd the Sacred shroud,
Where, from the Reverend Mansions of the Dead,
From Antient Trophies that in Vaults were laid,
From Warlike helmets that with rust were brown,
Circled with Awfull Glory and Renown;
Brave *Caledonia* started from Her Sear,
With fierce aspect and with a glowing Heat,
Rapid she flew to the confines of Light
Fresh dropping wounds o're-spread her awfull Sight.
In Her Right Hand a forked Javeling bore,
And on Her Left a shining Target wore,
Her Royal Tresses Red with Hostile Gore.
With halt and speedy wings she did Resort,
To Her Assembl'd Sons in *Scotish* Court:
Where, now Enliven'd by Her proper Soul,
With *Scotish* Majesty Her Eyes did Roll:
Amongst the Peers she cast an Awful Look:
Th' amaz'd Assembly were with horror struck,
To whom with force impetuous, thus she spoke

Where is the Off-spring of the Noble Blood,
Which sometimes in the Veins of Scotsmen flow'd
Where are the Sons whose Fathers did of old,
Prefer their Freedom to less worthy Gold?
Still grasp their Liberty with Manly Force,
And look'd on slavery as the greatest Curse:
Yea rather than become, or live like, Slaves,
Sunk with Renown and Honour to their Graves,
They ne'er cring'd nor sown'd with suppliant Face,
For mercenary Titles, or a Place.

Where are they now who bearth' illustrious Names,
O' th' *Hamiltons*, the *Douglasses*, the *Grahams*,
The *Bruce*, the *Ham*, the *Hay*, and many more,
who still maintain'd My LIBERTY before?
While such were the Asserters of my Cause,
Defenders of My LIBERTIES and LAWS,
The Independent Crown Adorn'd My Head;
My Honour and My lot rest did not Bleed;
As now I feel, (and you may see) them do,
And fear My Sovereignty's truckling too;
May see the Chains a-wreathing on My Arms
By those with whom I've been in equal Terms;
Tho' now expos'd to unrevenged Harms.

Was it for this I bore the fiercest Shock
Of Roman Legions? And with Fury broke
Through all the Glittering Squadrons, who amaz'd
To find Me fix them Limits, wondering gaz'd
The forward Legions with their Thund'ring train,
Strove off to leap the Adrian wall in vain,
Were still Repulld, still bratt' back again,
In midst of all their Eagles I did Graze
My Freedom, and retain'd it to the last.

The Fury of the *Goths* here stopt its course:
The Manly Warlike *Saxon* wanted Force

To cut a Passage; and the Martial *Dame*,
 His Successors was off beat back with Shame,
 England's proud Conquerors could never tame
 My Native Fierceness; nor Dethrall my Fame:
 My Ancient Laws and Priv'leges still stood,
 Tho' deeply writ in Characters of Blood.
 To force and Hostile Arms I never bow'd;
 When Treach'ry sometimes had me half subdu'd;
 But still, in utmost Straits, I could retain
 My Bleeding Freedom, and Secur't again,
 Untill this last, to me Inglorious, Age
 In which my Spirit sunk, and Noble Rage
 Decay'd into a Tameness, which did still
 Too faintly Struggle with our Jaylors Will,
 Or meanly suffer'd from them all that's ill,
 And will you thus in Slavery, ever ly
 Regardless of your Fame and Memory,
 Your present Int'rest and Posterity?
 Shall you be ever plagued with the Curse
 Of Poverty? and will you (which is worse)
 Be always Drudging Slaves to th' *Englisk* Nation:
 Submissive Fools to th' End of the Creation?
 Forbid it Heavens!

Nay, since, in some true Honour still had place,
 Since young Repentance gloweth in the Face
 Of some, who once mislead, do now intend
 To be Reform'd sincerely, and Amend:
 Tho' some will still be Vexatious to the End:
 I do You all Adjure, (and hope to find
 The Better Part to *SCOTLAND's* Interest kind.)
 To raise your Ancient Spirit, and the Blood,
 Which Frozen long a round your Heart hath stood:
 Ple be your tut'ar Angel, lead the way
 To Glory, Freedom, Fame and Victory.

This said, she paus'd and with a Piercing Eye
 The Passions in each Face she did Survey,

Some deep shame, in some did Native Love,
 Some did Sparks of Radiant Courage move,
 Some were Eclipsed with a Coward Fear,
 And some with Conscious guilt, and deep Despair.

You who (said she) your Country's wrongs lament,
 And its Misfortune Seriously Relent;
 Rise for the Glory of the *Scottish* Name;
 'Tis Now or Never you'll your Freedom gain:
 But if this Precious Minute Slide away,
 Then in Eternal Slavery you'll Obey:
 But you whom a'rice, Guilt or Base Design,
 To the Degenerat party do's incline,
 In Characters of Infamy your Name,
 Shall be Enrol'd to your Eternal Shame.
 Then some, with Smiling Looks she daign'd to Grace,
 On others cast a Gloomy Threatning Face;
 Then in a Twinckling Vanisht out of sight,
 And to her former Seats direct her Flight.

Scarce was the great, the mighty, Phantom gone,
 When Radiant Honour in the Faces shone,
 Of both the best, and of the Greatest part
 Of th' Honour'd Members of the *Scottish* Court.
 Old *Caledonia* had Transfus'd the Soul,
 The Genius now Revived in the whole;
 This Noble Genius did soon inspire,
 Each worthy breast with Freedom's large desire;
 And rais'd their Souls to that Exalted Pitch,
 Which the Old *Scottish* Hero's once did reach.

Fresh as the Blooming Roses of the Morn,
 May still their vertue Live and still adorn
 Their Fame; still hover o're their honour'd Dust,
 When the Degenerat's memory shall rust.

